

"And they cried, The Sword of The Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

# The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

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## Sonship and Discipleship

By JAMES MCGINLAY, D. D.

"And there went great multitudes with him: and he turned, and said unto them, If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life, also, he cannot be my disciple. For whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple. For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it began to mock him, Saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish. Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth conditions of peace. So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14:25-33).

The Lord Jesus Christ always was, still is, and ever will be God. The only God we ever knew, the only God whose acquaintance we desire to make, is our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. His character, therefore, by virtue of its deity, defies comparison, and we must never be guilty of comparing the incomparable Christ with any or all other religious teachers before, contemporary with, or since His time. Only He among them all is God, co-equal and co-eternal in all His attributes with God, the Father, and with God, the Holy Ghost.

On the other hand, we must not forget that when He walked on this earth He became just as

human as He was divine. He was the Son of Man in the truest sense of the word, and in no sense different from the rest of the human race, except that He was without sin. Speaking of the human Jesus, I believe He was the greatest preacher this world has ever known, and, as a mere novice in the same God-honored profession, I delight to compare the Preacher Christ with all others whom I have been privileged to know. My, what a difference! Christ never was elated when the multitudes flocked to hear Him, nor was He ever depressed when they all forsook Him and fled. We little preachers are thrilled to pieces when the

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### Dr. Robert G. Lee

Dr. Lee is pastor of the Bellevue Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee. Last year there were over 800 additions to this church, hundreds of the new members coming as candidates for baptism, having been converted under Dr. Lee's ministry. In the last twelve years Bellevue Baptist Church has led all churches of the South, and we believe in the United States, in the number of converts baptized. The pastor has baptized converts every Sunday evening that he has been in the pulpit.

Our beloved brother preached a marvelous sermon last Sunday night, February 6, closing the famous Founder's Week Conference of Moody Bible Institute, at Moody Church, Chicago. I am told that scores were converted. The sermon was mechanically recorded and, God willing, we hope to publish it in the *Sword of the Lord*.

Dr. Lee is the author of:

From Feet to Fathoms  
Lord, I Believe  
A Greater than Solomon  
A Grand-Canyon of Resurrection Realities  
Whirlwinds of God  
Lee Lines  
Pickings  
Glory Today for Conquest Tomorrow  
Calvary  
This Critical Hour  
Proximities of Calvary  
And other volumes.  
The sermon published in this issue, *The Two Thieves*, is from *Proximities of Calvary* and is used by the kind permission of Dr. Lee and of Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

### WHAT DO MOVIES CONTRIBUTE?

The Movie-Radio Guide ought to be a pretty good authority on the movies. A recent issue includes an editorial titled, "Let's Banish Drinking From Our Movies." An excerpt reads:

"Tipling in the talkies is assuming alarming proportions. Recall almost any recent movie you have seen. Somewhere in its plot you will find a pair of pinch-bottle babies engaged in either humorous or serious drinking . . .

"Drinking scenes provide every child who sees movies (AND MOST CHILDREN ARE MOVIE REGULARS) with the conviction that (1) all smart people drink; (2) that it is fun to get 'woozled'; (3) that hard drinking is the logical resort of anyone who is disappointed in love or business . . .

"By their present course they are making our youngest generation into potential alcoholics . . .

"This is bad for the movies, bad for the children, and bad for America."

But you know that the movies also promote gambling, murder, robbery, loose sex relations, Sabbath (Sunday) desecration, cigarettes, and disrespect for the Church and Christianity.

But did you expect the movie people to respect the church when the church people continue to support them despite their promotion of every indecency and devility? —(Moody Monthly).

117 pages, 10 chapters of information in the pamphlet *What Is Wrong With The Movies*, by Evangelist John R. Rice. *Sword of the Lord Publishers*, 145 North Hale Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

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## The Two Thieves

By ROBERT G. LEE, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D.  
Pastor Bellevue Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee

"And with him they crucify two thieves; the one on his right hand, and the other on his left. And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And he was numbered with transgressors"—Mark 15:27-28.

What Mark says by the Holy Spirit, Luke also says—by the Spirit.

"And there were also two other malefactors, led with him to be put to death. And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left."—Luke 23:32-33.

So also John:

"And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of the skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha: where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst."—John 19:17-18.

Matthew, too, declares the same truth—

"Then were there two thieves crucified with him, one on the right hand, and another on the left."—Matt. 27:38.

Call the two who were crucified with him robbers. Or call them thieves. Both are malefactors. Some travelers, no doubt, could testify that by these they had been robbed on the highways of the land. Some home owners, too, could say that by these their houses had been ransacked. Some could assuredly say that by these their lives had been threatened. Many dark nights, with multitudinous tongues, "like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak," could speak of their burglaries. Many by-paths, had they but tongues to talk, could have testified of their dastardly depredations. And these two malefactors, their minds once active in planning crimes, their hearts black with evil, their hands stained with human blood, were crucified with Jesus—to put the same brand upon Jesus. Maybe they—these two evil men—were Jewish fanatics who made insurrection against the Roman power, and used this as a pretext for rapine and murder. And with these malefactors, with the intention to give the people an impression that Jesus was to be classed with them, and probably with the purpose to take away the imputation of having punished an innocent man, Jesus was crucified. And thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, which reads now, since the crucifixion, more like history than prophecy:

"Therefore will I divide him a (Continued on page three)

## "The Backslider" Pamphlet Free!

We have recently printed 20,000 copies of the beautiful pamphlet, "The Backslider" by Evangelist John R. Rice. The size is 5 1/4 x 7 1/2, 24 large pages. There are five chapters to this pamphlet as follows:

I. What Is A Backslider?  
II. Why People Backslide; the Old Adamic Nature.  
III. The Sorrows of Backsliding.  
IV. Backsliders: Saved or Lost?  
V. How to Get Back Full Fellowship with God.

Each of these chapters is a clear Biblical treatment of the subject. As printed in *The Sword of the Lord*

God used the message of this pamphlet to bring great blessings and many, many people wrote for extra copies. We believe it will help straighten out Christians in doctrine, and show the way to victory and peace to tempted Christians and will bring many, many backsliders who have lost all the joy of salvation and all the assurance and all the victory, back to sweetest fellowship with God.

It is really a beautiful pamphlet, as we know you will agree. We found a remarkable painting of the father meeting the prodigal son. It pictured the father in oriental robe and turban, with arms thrown round his penitent son; the half-naked son, evidently weeping, with his face buried on his father's breast. We were allowed to take a photograph of this beautiful painting. The photograph was carefully retouched to make the picture more distinct, then a plate was made. Then the cover and the entire pamphlet was beautifully printed in purple ink as a work of art.

By printing 20,000 copies we were able to sell the pamphlet for 10¢ a copy. However, first we want

to give away several thousand copies and you may have it free if you will write for it.

However, though we are glad to give you this beautiful pamphlet for the good it will do, we hope you will send us names of Christian people who do not now receive *The Sword of the Lord* but who would likely be interested in the gospel messages by America's leading sound preachers and soul winners. If possible, send us as many as ten names with complete, carefully checked addresses. To each such name and address we will send sample copies of *The Sword of the Lord*, hoping that they will subscribe.

We do not want indiscriminate lists of names; we want the names of people who would be interested in sound Christian literature like *The Sword of the Lord* that spreads revival fires and saves souls.

The pamphlet will be sent free and postpaid on request. But we will count it a great favor if you will enclose names and addresses of Christians who might be interested in *The Sword of the Lord* and might subscribe, when you write.

If you wish extra copies of this beautiful pamphlet, as we believe you will, we will furnish them at 10¢ each or 15 copies for \$1.

We want thousands of names. Some pastors, we trust, will send us names of all the families in their church who would likely be interested. O, may God help us to get out more of this soul-saving, life-changing, revival literature!

Send your request for a free copy of *The Backslider* and lists of names to *Sword of the Lord Publishers*, 145 N. Hale Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

## The Way to Never Failing Strength

(Continued from page one)

"brethren" say Romans 8:29. And now see the eternal patience in working out His Divine purposes! The next verse says, "Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified" (Rom. 8:30). That makes simple the dark doctrine of predestination.

First God knows who will trust Christ.

Second, God determines to save them.

Third, He calls, seeks them, gets them saved.

Fourth, these converts he carries home to heaven, glorifies.

Thus God never fails of his purposes, never gets discouraged with the Christian till He gets him to heaven, made into the image of His Son!

God never gets discouraged with the nation Israel. He loved them, called them out of Egypt, as he had promised Abraham hundreds of years before. He chastised them, led them into the land after forty years of wandering. Later he sent them into captivity for their sins. After seventy years he returned a remnant to Judea. Then Jews rejected their Messiah, and terrible punishment came. Titus took the city and sacked it, a million or more Jews were slain, and those left were scattered to all nations, as they are this day. Most of them are still in unbelief, rejecting their Saviour. But God is not discouraged. He has never changed His mind, nor His plans about Israel.

"The gifts and callings of God are without repentance", (Rom. 11:2) —and "God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew." (Rom. 11:29). Thus we are told that eventually "all Israel shall be saved," that is the whole nation that shall be left. Wicked Pharaoh would have killed all the boy babies among the Jews. Wicked Haman would have blotted out the race. Hitler, demon possessed, would do the same, and has probably killed his millions. But the patient, undiscouraged God, knows what He will do!

Jesus Christ was never discouraged. He is not discouraged now. He knows that he will have the victory. "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run"! His kingdom will come, His will be done on earth as it is done by the angels in heaven! For Isaiah 42:4, speaking of the coming Savior says, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for His law." Those in touch with Jesus need never be discouraged. He knows what is coming, He will have his way.

2. God is never tired! "My father worketh hitherto, and I work" said Jesus, in John 5:17. And the text in Isaiah 40:28 says that our Heavenly Father "fainteth not neither is weary". God never gets tired of running the universe. He never gets tired of hearing and answering prayer. He never gets tired of calling and saving sinners. This almighty strength of our everlasting God, should lead us to wait on Him when we are tired.

"Even the youths shall faint and grow weary, and the young men shall utterly fall", we are told. Even the strength among men get tired, wear out. Human bodies and human minds can only do so much. Then, unless we know a supernatural source of strength, there comes defeat and failure. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Eph. 6:12). But we can have the strength of an always fresh, untired God!

### THE SWORD OF THE LORD

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EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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### "I JUST CAN'T STAY, I MUST GO OR DIE!" AFTER READING "THE SOUL WINNERS FIRE"

The little book, *The Soul Winner's Fire*, written by Evangelist John R. Rice has proven a great blessing in stirring people's hearts to win souls. Here we give a letter which recently came.

"Dec. 27, 1943  
Labadie Ville, La.  
c/o George Gautrux

"Rev. Dr. J. R. Rice  
My Dear Brother in Christ:

"The Lord has wanted me to write you for some time.

"About three months ago I was reading one of your books, *The Soul-Winner's Fire*. Page 110, 'The Soul - Winner's Feet' subject from Ephesians 6:15. With God to help me, I have been holding to it ever since then, so now I just can't stay. I must go or die. Now I ask you to pray for me. I pray for you always.

"May God bless you now and for ever.

"I will be glad to hear from you if possible.

Yours truly in Christ,  
Rev. M. H. Ramons

In the union campaign last October in the East half of Huntington, West Virginia, the campaign committee felt led to order 300 copies of this book and distribute through the churchs before the campaign began.

Published by the Moody Press, to go into the Colportage Library, *The Soul Winner's Fire* has 127 pages, eight chapters on soul winning passion and power. The price is only 20¢, or six copies will be sent for \$1.00. Get it for yourself or get copies to give out to others who ought to be winning souls and who will read it. A dozen or two copies distributed in a church may bring great results.

Order from SWORD OF THE LORD PUBLISHERS, 145 North Hale Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

the Lord He will give vision and faith for the miracle of flight. We want another Moody; well Moody was a miracle. There is no human way to account for his marvelous ministry. But those who wait on the Lord will have miracles, will be miracles. He is able. But Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me. (Phil. 4:13). His power is ours if we wait for it! The marvels of soul-winning, the miracles of accomplishment are for those who stay in the secret place to have God's power. Pentecost follows. (Acts 1:14); "These all continued steadfastly in prayer".

Power belongs to God; no one ever has it who does not wait upon the Lord.

"They shall run and not be weary." Some men work to the limit of their strength regularly. Paul was, he said, "in labors more abundant" than other apostles. Why could he work so hard, run continually and not be weary? He waited upon God! Constant trusting, resting, pleading, claiming prayer can sustain the strength continually.

"They shall walk and not faint." This is plodding, unspectacular work. How I thank God for the years I preached in country school houses, in jails, on street corners! How I thank him for the thousands He has helped me to win, one by one! That is walking, though we would rather run or fly! How I thank God for the grace to toil at writing, editing, long hours each week between revival sermons. A written ministry is not principally dependent upon talent. Usually it waits for grace to plod, to walk.

"Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration", some one has said. Hard work behind the scenes, writing, correcting, looking up scriptures, doing over, praying over it, crying over it, usually feeling you never can do your best because of the pressure—oh! what grace that takes! But waiting on God gives grace to plod, grace to walk and not faint.

Oh, Christian, wait upon the Lord and renew your strength! Wait, I say, upon the Lord!

## Sonship and Discipleship

(Continued from page one)

people lend us their ears, but we are sad beyond expression when they show us their backs. If you study the public ministry of our Saviour, you will notice He apparently did His level best to chase the multitudes away. In fact, He was so eminently successful on one occasion that, before He concluded all of His message, His congregation, with the exception of a pitiful handful, had gone from Him. To the remant He said, "Will ye also go away?"

In the passage of Scripture which we employ as our text, we find Christ discouraging the crowd from following Him. What was the underlying reason for this strategy employed? Ah, Christ knew what many of us have discovered, that multitudes with their lips will cry "Hosanna," and in their hearts and with their lives say, "Let Him be crucified." In order to be upon terms of absolute frankness, Christ said to them in substance, "Now, folks, I appreciate your allegiance, but if you would follow me, you must first of all sit down and count the cost, for in discipleship there is a price involved, and unless you are willing to pay it, you might just as well stay where you are, I shall get along without you."

My, what a price! Notice the tangible commodities He used as descriptive of the price that must be paid by those who would "follow the Lamb of God whithersoever He goeth." If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.

What is more precious than the afore-mentioned loved ones, and yet Christ declares that unless we are willing if need be so to part company with them, we cannot profit company with Him.

And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple.

Is Christ in this passage talking about salvation? Nay, We need not hate our father or mother or anybody else to get to Heaven. It is not by carrying our cross but by believing in Him that we are saved. Therefore, He is not describing the price of salvation, but the cost of discipleship. He paid for the former, we must pay for the latter; and, although there are thousands of believers who are Christians, how few are real disciples. In order that I might describe for you the difference between salvation for nothing and discipleship at cost, I propose employing a homely illustration, and shall pray the while that God through it will convey His truth to your hearts.

Let us suppose that King George of England is walking along the road one day. He notices by the hedgerow a tramp, of whom he becomes enamored, and to whom he makes the following proposition: "My dear man, I have compassion upon you. I love you and would like to adopt you into the royal family, and make you one of my sons."

The tramp, in amazement, looks up and says, "Your Majesty, how much will this cost me?"

The king says, "For the last time, I want you to believe that you are now my son. You are a member of the royal family, a resident of Buckingham Palace, and it is all, so far as you are concerned, on the grounds of grace unmerited, everything for nothing."

The tramp sits down, stretches his legs, yawns and says, "Isn't it marvelous? Yesterday I was a tramp; today I am a prince, and it cost me nothing. King George has paid it all; all to him I owe."

My friends, is that not a picture of what the grace of God has done for us? In spite of our hereditary background, education and culture acquirements, we were nothing but tramps until Jesus found us. It makes no difference whether your forebears came out on the Mayflower, or came across the Atlantic on a bicycle, you have nothing in which you dare boast apart from the grace of God. All our righteousness is as filthy rags, and, believe me, when God found us we were no more than indigents. But bless His name, today we are members of His family, heirs of God, yes, heirs of Jesus Christ, and it cost nothing. It was all of grace.

Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe, Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

But we must get back to the tramp. While he is sitting, exulting in his new-found home, a valet approaches him and says, "Excuse me, sir, your bath is ready."

The tramp says, "I beg your pardon."

"Your bath is ready."

"Ah," the tramp says, "I will be thirty-seven come the first day of June, and I have never had a bath in my life."

"That may be so," said the valet, "but never until today were you a prince, and it is customary for members of the royal family to take a bath at least once a day."

As the poor old tramp was sitting in the bath tub, frantically and laboriously endeavoring to remove thirty-seven years of grit, he heaved a sigh and said to himself, "I might have known there was a catch in it. The King told me it was all grace; it would cost me nothing, and I am not here half a day until I have to do what I never did in my life, take a bath." And thus he realized that although it cost nothing to get in, as long as he stayed in, and took his place as a reputable member of the royal household, there was a price to pay.

My friend, if you are satisfied to use Jesus as a fire escape from hell, but have no desire to follow Him "Whithersoever He goeth," then you may do as many have done, get under the blood and trust in the mercy of God to save your soul when life is done. You need not be particular as to your inner life or daily conduct, but if you are going to be a disciple and follow the Lord Jesus, you must learn to take a bath. We cannot live as we please and be disciples, for, although the grace of God gives us our standing, our conduct decides our fitness.

If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with the other, and the blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth us from all sin.

The fountain that has been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness is still open, and you and I each day must see that we are washed. The blood atones for all our sin, but daily we are cleansed "by the washing of water by the word." It is when we realize this truth that we begin to discover the price the discipleship involves.

When the tramp was through with his bath, the valet said to him, "Your suit is ready, sir."

The tramp said, "My suit!" and as he looked, here was a dinner suit, velvet lapels on the coat, black braid down the side of the trousers, boiled shirt, gates ajar collar, bow tie, patent leather slippers, silk sox. In a moment the tramp cried, "Why, where is the suit I had when I came to the palace?"

The valet said, "We put that in the incinerator."

The poor old tramp began to cry, and said, "Oh, my mother gave me that suit fifteen years ago, and neither night or day since have I removed it from my back." As his weeping reached a pathetic height of grief, he said, "I tell you, there was a lot of sentiment attached to that suit."

The valet said, "Yes, we noticed some of them; that is why we burned it."

As the tramp struggled with his boiled shirt and with his bow tie, and other units of his new apparel, he groaned within himself, saying, "The king told me that this would cost me nothing; it was all of grace, but I am not here a day until I have had to take a bath, and part company with the suit my dear old mother gave me." He realized once more that sonship costs nothing, but to keep in step with the reputable members of the royal family involved a price he had to daily pay.

My friend, the curse of many a Christian's life today is sentiment. We ought to love our fathers and our mothers and our wives and our

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## PROPHECY-WHAT

by OSWALD J. S.

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## Sonship and Discipleship

(Continued from page two)

children where it is possible, and respect their judgment, but when it comes to a testing time between the opinion of our friends and "Thus saith the Lord," we must trample sentiment beneath our feet and follow God. To do this will demand a price every day of our lives. There are members of every denomination who will be true to their particular church even though they know that is an apostate outfit and has sold out to the devil. A lady some time ago approached me at the close of a service, and said, "I have a problem and would like your advice. I belong to a church from whose pulpit the gospel is not preached. The minister does not believe in the Genesis account of creation, and the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the historicity of Jonah, the virgin birth, corporeal resurrection, or the second coming of Christ. Should I continue in that church and help support such a minister?"

I said, "My good woman, are you a born-again believer?"

She said, "Yes, I was saved twenty-five years ago, and well do I remember that blessed event."

"Well, then," I said, "you have come to the wrong source for advice. A psychiatrist would be more eminently qualified than I to discuss your problem."

"What do you mean?" she said indignantly.

"Just what I said. If you are a born-again, blood-washed child of God, and you are in doubt as to whether or not you should support a minister that denies everything that is dear to the Christian's heart and true to the Word of God, then the most charitable viewpoint, I can take of your case is that you are not all there mentally."

Then she began to cry. I confess that once, when a woman started to cry, it got me down, but not any more. Crying seems to become women and they do look cute, with glossy or with glassy eyes, especially when they are crying for nothing. This lady was one of that type, and with tears rolling down her cheeks she said to me, "My dear old grandfather helped to build that church, and I sit in the same pew where he always sat." Then, as she dried her eyes and wiped her nose, she said, "As a matter of fact I don't think I could worship God in any other pew."

As I looked at her, I said, "Ah, phew."

Her weeping soon stopped, and the sorrow of her countenance turned to wrath as she walked away no doubt determined in spite of Christ and His word to support a dead, God-forsaken, ecclesiastical morgue which her grandpa built, even though it denies everything she professes and believes.

Dear people, the hour is coming and now is when you must decide not whether you are a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or Episcopalian, but whether your are a disciple of Jesus Christ, the Lord. There is just as much sentiment in my make-up as there is in yours but when it comes to a choice between my Saviour and following other folks, nice as they may be, I am going with Jesus. It is then we discover the difference between salvation for nothing and discipleship at cost.

The tramp is now ready for dinner. Upon his arrival in the dining room he is shown by the butler to his place at the table. As he sits down, to his utter amazement, there are six knives and forks to the left of him, six ahead of him, and half a dozen tumblers, plus a linen napkin. To the butler the tramp said, "What is the meaning of all this paraphernalia?"

The butler replied, "These, sir, are the culinary implements employed within the confines of the palace for the purpose of consuming our daily repast."

"You mean, in the language of the street," said the tramp, "that before I can eat around here I have to navigate through all this mass

of knives and forks and spoons?"

"Precisely," said the butler.

And as the poor tramp struggled, he heaved another sigh. He remembered the days when, behind a hedge, with a chunk of bread and perhaps a hamburger, he sat down to enjoy the meal, and as he thus meditated, he said, "The king told me this was all of grace, but what a price I have to pay in my endeavor or to act like a prince."

You see, that poor tramp became a child of his majesty without money and without price, but, to dignify his position, he had to learn an entirely new set of manners. This, of course, involved a responsibility such as he had never known before.

Now dear friends, we disagree with the modernist when he says we can be saved by ethics. No matter how ethical a sinner is, his eternal destiny is hell unless he is washed in the blood of the Lamb. But I disagree with my fundamentalist brethren who labor under the delusion that, because we are saved by grace, we can live in disgrace. The ethical standard of God's children at its lowest ought to be superior to that of the world at the highest. We ought to be the most mannerly people, the most honorable and straight-forward in all of our dealings, so that even the ungodly will be suspicious that "we have been with Jesus," and have learned of Him. Yet there are folk who believe the Bible from cover to cover, who will fight modernism and every enemy of the truth, but who would steal the milk out of your teat if you didn't keep stirring it. I have met some who would lie and cheat, and do a thousand other things that not even the modernist would stoop to do. Ah, if we are going to be disciples of the lovely Lord Jesus, we must day by day adapt ourselves by the grace of God to the standard of living that He has given us. This, you will discover, will take prayer, study of His Word, and a continuous watching lest we slip. Surely we cannot walk far with the Lord without copying some of His God-glorifying habits. And so, in my homely parable of the tramp, I am seeking to evince the truth that salvation by grace is a gift from God, and discipleship by works is a responsibility we must assume.

In this fourteenth chapter of Luke discipleship is likened unto a war. I wish that some preachers within the confines of my acquaintance would learn this solemn truth. The church of God is not a convalescent camp, nor is it a hospital or a children's home. It is an arsenal. Instead of preachers running around all week with sucking bottles, comforters, and Red Cross emergency outfits to keep the saints of God in good trim, they ought to be out in the forefront of the battle, leading the army of the living Christ against the hosts of hell. Disciples are soldiers, and to the Lord's house on the Lord's day they should come to have their armor polished and their swords sharpened. During the week they should be battling against the world, the flesh, and the devil, opening the Word of our Commander, the Captain of the Lord's host. It costs nothing to join the army, but to stay in the battle until the smoke has cleared away involves a tremendous price. Well do I remember the last few months of the World War, when the British reverses were numerous and bloody. Into our little village among the hills in Scotland came a stalwart-looking recruiting sergeant. He would gather a company of us boys around him, and while he extoled the virtues of life in the army, the roofs of our mouths would become sun-burned while we listened. I can hear him now as he said, "Boys, if you will only join the army, you will have a wonderful time. If you will say the word, you will get a uniform such as I have." Boy, I would look at him as he stood in all his military splendor, brass buttoned tunic, tartan kilts, spats, plaid socks, and all the accessories that could make a Highlander's uniform the nicest looking in the world. I would put my hand caressingly upon the safety pins that held me together, and, as I felt the wind blowing through the innumerable ventilators in my suit, I would think, "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have an outfit such as this?"

We would look at each other, and as our mouths began to water, we would say, "Isn't the govern-

## THE TWO THIEVES

(Continued from page one)

*portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.*" (Isa. 53:12).

"And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, *And he was numbered with the transgressors.*" (Mark 15: 28).

### The Son of God Numbered With Transgressors

And today we who know and believe that Christ, loved by God before the foundation of the world, was "numbered with the transgressors" on Calvary's dark and bloody hill where, "noisy as burial howlers at full cry," "the people and the rulers also with them derided him"—scoffed at him—an unruly, turbulent, shouting, scoffing, mocking crowd, as void of pity as "a maniac drummer in mid battle," a crowd bellowing as does the sea in a tempest, shrieking "like laughter in the demoned hills." And some "fierce as Frenzy's furious blood,"

said: "He saved others! Let him save himself!" This, of course, he could do if he were Christ, the Messiah. They implied that Christ was a cheat, a mere trickster, who had deceived the people—unless he proved his power by using it to save himself from crucifixion. But he did not come down from the cross. He remained there, while every breath he drew was a torture, while every beat of his heart was cruel pain, in order that he might save others. They imagined that if Christ would do as they proposed they would believe on him:

"*He saved others; himself he can not save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him.*" (Matt. 27:42). But they would not have believed. They would have found some other excuse for not believing. For he did something more wonderful than they asked. He rose from the grave. Yet they did not believe.

And shall we be ashamed of Jesus because he was "numbered with the transgressors"? Shall we blush to own his name because he who numbereth the stars and calleth them by name refused to leave his cross between two thieves? Shall we refuse or fail allegiance to him

ment gracious, giving us all this for nothing."

As he continued his description of everything we would get without money and without price, he assured us that we would get a train trip to the east of Scotland, and another to the south of England, and a boat trip across the English Channel to the continent of Europe. Well, by the time he got through we were ready for anything, but, ah, many of those boys who stood with me in the little village listening to what the government gives you for nothing in time of war, are lying today beneath the sod of Flander's Fields. It cost nothing to get into the army, but to stay there until the battle was ended, the victory won, they had to say goodbye to mother, father, brothers, sisters, to human comforts, to their native land and at last to life itself.

Similarly, my dear people, we became soldiers of King Jesus by saying the word "Yes" at Calvary. If we are going to follow Him into the thick of the fight, and stay there until that glorious morning when the battle is ended, the smoke has cleared away, and Gabriel sounds the reveille, we will have to pay a terrific price. When I get to heaven I care not how many wounds I have on my face, so long as there are none on my back. Let us see to it by the help of God that we go to Heaven "not so as by fire," but in triumph. The war is not ended. Heaven is still fighting hell, righteousness is still fighting sin, God is still fighting Satan. No armistice has as yet been signed, and when we think of valiant warriors of generations gone by, we ought to determine, come what may, to perpetuate their memory by as faithful a service to Christ as they themselves rendered.

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than the crash of rocks loosened by earthquake, there were those concerning whom this was true:

"And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads, and saying, Ah, thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three

(Continued on Page Four)

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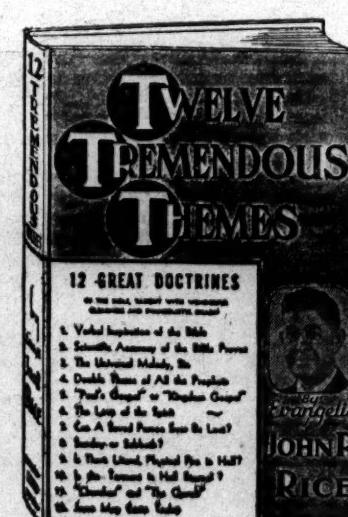
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## THE TWO THIEVES

(Continued from page three)  
days, save thyself, and come down from the cross." (Mark 15:29:30).

And of the chief priests it is written:

"Likewise also the chief priests mocking said among themselves with the scribes, He saved others; himself he cannot save. Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe." (Mark 15:31-32).

"And Jesus in the midst"—holy recipient of their foul abuse.

"Two thieves"—any beautiful dreams they had ever had now moulded in the muck and mud and mess of their transgressions—standing on the border line of eternity, reviling him whom all the angels of God worship.

"And Jesus in the midst"—Rose of Sharon between two cactus plants.

"Two thieves"—all their years eaten by the locusts of evil, yawning pits of black despair before them.

"And Jesus in the midst"—a dove between two hissing serpents.

One Thief's "If"

And one thief said:  
"And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." (Luke 23:39).

Talmadge says of this:

"If thou be the Son of God' Was there any 'if' about it? Tell me, thou star that in robe of light did run to point out his birthplace. Tell me, thou sea that didst put thy hand over thy lip when he bade thee be still. Tell me, thou sun in mid-heaven, who for him didst pull down over thy face thy veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is he the Son of God? Aye! Aye! responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's 'if' how many shall be wrecked for all eternity! That little 'if' has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of a soul. No 'if' about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body and through every faculty of my mind and through every energy of my soul. Living I will preach it; dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus, the God."

The Other Thief's Penitent Prayer

But, somehow, during these wild and wicked scenes, one thief had quickly and surely grown penitent. "As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment while they were under the water their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment the dying malefactor thought over his past life." He looked upon himself as a guilty wretch—as one who deserved to die. In that time of torment, he saw the sin and futility of blaspheming Christ who had done him no wrong. Yet the malefactor felt he could not die as he had lived—in sin and rebellion against God. The tortures of his guilty soul becoming more painful than the tortures of his body, he saw his past as a scene of misdoing—saw himself as guilty of "the mightiest felony in the uni-

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verse," for he had robbed God—had robbed God of his time and of his talent, robbed him of his service. And so—he spoke—answering the reviling and still impenitent comrade in crime:

"Dost now thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." (Luke 23:40-41).

And that dying, penitent thief, at the moment, saw Jesus as the friend of the outcast. He saw Jesus as the Lamb of God giving his life as a ransom for many! He saw Jesus as the One sent from God—to die. He saw Jesus as One who, in life, in death, proved that God's unfathomed love is greater than man's sin and folly—in life, in death—proved that there is a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea. Yea, though the thief saw late, yet at last he saw.

This dying thief, looked upon by the crucifiers as merely dying vermin, looked upon as despicable dust which no man values, the ruined pivots and pulleys of his rending physical mechanism falling apart, maybe in his mind and heart a far-off vision of the Luke of Galilee and quiet hills and a home of peace whose threshold he shall cross no more, desires to fall asleep on some kind bosom. So, gazing upon the face of Christ, through the thickening gloom, he calls unto him somewhat as a wounded animal caught in the jaws of a steel trap wailing appeals for help. He said:

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." (Luke 23:42).

And, as he spoke, in praise, amid the mockings and jeers of the mob, his was the one voice which attested him Redeemer when all had forsaken him and fled. His was the tortured voice which was the one note of sweetness in the wild, unmusical discord. His was the voice, though the voice of a malefactor, for whose evil deeds there is neither apology nor defense, which was the one cry of faith in the hour of infinite denial and rejection. So now we hear the impenitent thief railing—like a hissing adder dying in the fire. And we hear the penitent thief rebuking and praying.

One of the thieves dying in despair. The other coming out of his bondage, sorrow, and night into Christ's freedom, gladness and light. One choosing the way that leads to night and the dark dungeons of hell. The other choosing the road that leads to light and the mansions eternal in the heavens. One going to deeper depths of ruin untold. The other coming out from the depths of ruin untold into peace of God's sheltering fold. What a picture we have here of men today, some of whom choose the way of destruction, some of whom choose the way of eternal life. Some choose the deserts of a growing and eternal wasting—some the blossoming fields of God's paradise. Some, living in the same place where others are saved, choose the place where men and women are "burning continually, yet unconsumed; forever wasting, yet enduring still; dying perpetually, yet never dead." But some, like the thief who cried for mercy, choose the place where death's shadows and sin's slime and sorrow's sighs are never known. Some, like the railing thief, choose the rebuking thief, choose a strong where with Christ they shall sit—and reign.

A thief—a penitent thief. Nothing behind him but the ashes of a wasted life; nothing before but the fires of an eternal hell! Nothing behind but the folly of a sinful life; nothing ahead but the horrors of a sinner's death. Nothing behind but blight; nothing ahead but night—the awful outer darkness! Nothing

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behind but error; nothing before but terror! Nothing behind but gloom; nothing ahead but doom! No angels of consolation will speak his name when he goes shuddering through the gates of death. Dark, very dark, it will be there. Dreadful, dreadfully dreadful, it will be there. Lonely, terribly lonely, it will be there. So—he puts all his tangled thoughts into one prayer—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" The cry is of an utterly friendless man, a man to whom the loneliness of death is a most tremendous terror. Yet this thief, seeing him as Saviour, cried out from the depths of a vast abyss: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!"

### The Suffering, Sin Bearing, Saving Jesus

But there is another there whose hidden glory bursts through the dark cloud that veiled it. Jesus—able, willing, mighty to save! Jesus—bearing our sins in his own body on the tree! Jesus! He refused the invitation of the mob to come down from the cross—to prove his divinity. And, out of the depths of an infinite love, which no waters can drown, no fires consume, no blizzards freeze, he reaches out to the rescue of the dying thief! Christ Jesus will enter the other world with this poor dying thief upon his bosom. Shall friend or angel of judgment claim this man's soul when it is Christ who justifies? Nay! Nay—Never! For the thief saw him, hailed him as King—as Saviour. Great faith that blossoming like a lily in a desert! Wonderful faith that—shining amid the world's unbelief like a sun at midnight! Marvelous faith that—giving forth fragrance like a full-blown rose in a garbage lot!

### The Three Crosses

And so—there were three crosses and three who died there that day on Calvary.

One died FOR sin. That one was Jesus.

One died IN sin. That one was the impenitent thief.

One died FROM sin. That one was the penitent thief.

One died in LOVE. That one was Jesus.

One died in DESPAIR. That one was the impenitent thief.

One died in FAITH. That one was the penitent thief.

One died a Benefactor. That one was Jesus.

One died a blasphemer. That one was the impenitent thief.

One died a believer. That one was the penitent thief.

There were three trees planted in a row that day. And all three bore fruit. One tree yielded poison—the tree on which the impenitent malefactor died. One tree yielded bitter aloes—aloes "bitter as coloquintida", the tree on which the penitent thief died, "his heart within burnt like an aftertaste of sin to one whose memory drinks and loathes the lee of shame and sorrow deeper than the sea." One tree—the middle tree—bore the beautiful apples of love. That was the tree on which Jesus died. "Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary."

One tree yielded blossoms. That was the tree on which the penitent thief gasped his last breath. One tree yielded briars. That was the tree where the wretched criminal, holding in his face the sorrow of that unblessed hour, "turning around on his spikes to kiss at Jesus"—Jesus whose name sounds down the corridors of the centuries like the music of all choirs, visible and invisible, poured forth in one anthem. One tree yielded blood—blood "drawn from Immanuel's veins." And that, of course, was the tree on which Jesus died. One tree was the tree of rejection—the impenitent's tree. One tree was the tree of reception—the penitent's tree. One tree was the tree of redemption—the Saviour's tree.

Let us close with some words of Talmadge in our ears and hearts: "I have shown you the right-hand cross and the left-hand cross. Now come to the middle cross. We have stood at the one, and found it yielded poison. We have stood at the other and found it yielded bitter aloes. Come now to the middle cross, and shake down apples of love. Uncover your head. You never saw so tender a scene as this. You may have seen father and mother die, or companion or child die, but never so affecting a scene as this. The railing thief looked from one

way and saw only the right side of Christ's face. The penitent thief looked from the other way and saw the left side of Christ's face. But in the full blaze of Gospel light you see Christ's full face. It was a suffering face. Human hate had done its worst, and hell had hurled its sharpest javelin—and devils had vented their hottest rage, when, with every nerve in his body in torture and every fiber of his heart in excruciation, he died.

"To the middle cross look, that your souls may live. I showed you the right-hand cross in order that you might see what an awful thing it is to be unbelieving. I showed you the left-hand cross that you might see what it is to repent. Now I show you the middle cross that you may see what Christ has done to save your soul. Poets have sung its praise, sculptors have attempted to commemorate it in marble. Martyrs have clung to it in fire, and Christians, dying quietly in their beds, have leaned their heads against it. This hour may all our souls embrace it with an ecstasy of affection. Lay hold of that cross! Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip on that you perish. Put your hand on that and you are safe, though the world swing from beneath your feet.

"Throw down at the foot of that middle cross sin, sorrow, life, death—everything. We are slaves;

Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Jesus says: 'I am the bread of life.' We are condemned to die; Christ says: 'Save that man from going down into the pit; I am the ransom.' We are tossed on the sea of trouble; Jesus comes over it, saying: 'It is I. Be not afraid.' We are in darkness; Jesus says: 'I am the Bright and Morning Star.' We are sick; Jesus is the 'Balm of Gilead.' We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the grave hillocks heave as he cried: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' We want justification; 'Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' We want to exercise faith; 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I want to get from under condemnation; 'There is now therefore no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.'

"The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he,  
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